

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



ANDY HELPS THE INDIAN SQUAW TO CONSTRUCT THE WIGWAM.

CEDAR CREEK;

FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.
A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CHILDREN OF THE FOREST.

THERE could hardly be a wider contrast than between Captain Argent's usual dinner at his regimental mess, and that of which he now partook in the lumbermen's shanty. Tables and chairs were

as unknown as forks and dishes among the *gens de chantier*; a large pot of tea, dipped into by everybody's pannikin, served for beer and wine; pork was the *pièce de résistance*, and tobacco smoking the dessert; during all of which a Babel of tongues went on in French patois, intermingled with an occasional remark in Irish or Scottish brogue.

"Your men seem to be temperance folk," observed Argent to the foreman.

"Weel, they must be," was the laconic reply. "We've no stores where they could get brandy-smash in the bush, and it's so much the better for them, or I daursay they wad want prisons and juries next. As it is, they're weel-behaved lads enough."

"I'm sure it must be good in a moral point of view; but do you find them equal to as much work as if they had beer or spirits?" asked Captain Argent. "And lumbering seems to me to be particularly laborious."

"Weel, there's a fact I'll mak a present to the teetotalers," answered the foreman. "Our lumberers get nothing in the way of stimulant, and they don't seem to want it. When I came fresh from the auld country, I couldna hardly b'lieve that."

"Au large, au large!"

At this word of command all hands turned out of the shanty, and went back to work in their several gangs. Again the fellers attacked the hugest pines; the hewers sprang upon the fallen, lining and squaring the living trees into dead beams; and the teamsters yoked afresh their patient oxen, fitting upon each massive throat the heavy wooden collar, and attaching to chains the ponderous log which should be moved towards the water-highway.

Argent and Arthur found themselves presently at the foot of a colossal Weymouth or white pine, the trunk and top of which were almost as disproportionate as a pillar supporting a paint-brush, but which the Scottish foreman admired enthusiastically, considering it in the abstract as "a stick," and with reference to its future career in the shape of a mast. All due preparation had been made for its reception upon level earth; a road twenty feet wide cut through the forest, that it and half a dozen brother pines of like calibre in the neighbourhood might travel easily and safely to the water's edge; and forty yards of bedding timbers, lay a ready-made couch, for its great length.

"I daursay, now, that stick's standing about a thousand years: I've counted fourteen hunder rings in the wood of a pine no so much bigger. Ou, 'twill mak a gran' mast for a seventy-four—nigh a hunder feet lang, and as straight as a rod." Stripping off the bark and dressing the knots was the next work, which would complete its readiness for Devonport dockyards, or perchance for the Cherbourg shipwrights.

During this operation, the foreman made an excursion to visit his other gangs, and then took his visitors a little aside into the woods to view what he termed a "regular take-in." It was a group of fine-looking pines, wearing all outward semblance of health, but when examined, proving mere tubes of bark, charred and blackened within, and ragged along the seam where the fire had burst out.

"How extraordinary!" said Argent. "Why were they not burned equally through?"

"I hae been thinking the fire caught them in spring, when the sap rins strong; so the sap-wood saved thae shells, to misguide the puir axemen. I thought I had a fair couple o' cribs o' lumber a' ready to hand, when I spied the holes, and found my fine pines naething but empty pipes."

He had been fashioning two saplings into strong handspikes, and now offered one each to the gentlemen. "Ye'll no be too proud to bear a hand wi' the mast aboon: it'll be a kittle job lugging it to the pond; so just lend us a shove now and then."

The great mass was at last got into motion, by a difficult concerted starting of all the oxen at the same moment.

Round the brilliant log fire, while pannikins of tea circulated, and some flakes of the falling snow outside came fluttering down into the blaze, the lumberers lay on their bunks, or sat on blocks, talking, sleeping, singing, as the mood moved. French Canadians are native-born songsters; and their simple ballad melodies, full of *réfrain* and repetition, sounded very pleasing even to Argent's amateur ears.

"I can imagine that this shanty life must be pleasant enough," said Argent, rolling himself in his buffalo-robe preparatory to sleep by the fire.

"I'll just tell ye what it is," returned the foreman; "nae that has gane lumbering can tak kindly to ony ither calling. They hae caught the wandering instinct, and the free life o' the woods becomes a needcessity, if I might say sae. D'ye ken the greatest trouble I find in towns? Trying to sleep on a civilized bed. I canna do't, that's the fact; nor be sitting to civilized dinners, whar the misguided folk spend thrice the time that's needfu', fiddling with a fork an' spune. I like to eat an' be doffie wi' it."

Which little social trait was of a piece with Mr. Foreman's energy and promptness in all the circumstances of life. In a very few minutes from the aforesaid speech he was sound asleep, for he was determined to waste no time in accomplishing that either.

Argent and Arthur left this wood-cutting polity next morning, and worked, or rather hunted, their way back to the settled districts. The former stayed for another idle week at Cedar Creek; and then the brothers were again alone, to pursue their strife with the forest.

It went on, with varying success, till "the moon of the snow-crust," as the Ojibbeways poetically style March. A chaos of fallen trunks and piled logs lay for twenty-five acres about the little shanty; Robert was beginning to understand why the French Canadians called a cleared patch "un désert," for beyond doubt the axe had a desolating result, in its present stage.

"Why, then, Master Robert, there's one thing I wanted to ax you," said Andy, resting a moment from his chopping: "it's goin' on four months now since we see a speck of green, an' will the snow ever be off the ground agin, at all at all?"

"You see the sun is only just getting power enough to melt it," returned his master, tracing with his axe-head a furrow in the thawing surface.

"But sure if it always freezes up tight agin every evenin', that little taste of meltin' won't do much good," observed Andy. "Throth, I'm fairly longin' to see that lake turn into wather, instead o' bein' as hard as iron. Sure the fish must all be smothered long ago, the crathurs, in prison down there."

"Well, Andy, I hope they'll be liberated next month. Meanwhile, the ice is a splendid high-road. Look there."

From behind a wooded promontory stretching far into the lake, at the distance of about half a mile from where they were chopping, emerged the figure of a very tall Indian, wrapped in a dark blanket and carrying a gun. After him, in the stately Indian file, marched two youths, also armed; then appeared a birchen traineau, drawn by the squaw who had the honour of being wife and mother respectively to the preceding copper-coloured men, and who therefore was constituted their beast of burden. A girl and a child—future squaws—shared the toil of pulling along the family chattels, unaided by the stalwart lords of the creation stalking in front.

"Why, thin, never welcome their impudence, an' to lave the poor women to do all the hard work, an' they marchin' out forenenst 'em like three images, so stiff an' so sthright, an' never spakin' a word. I'm afeard it's here they're comin'. An' I give ye my word she has a child on her back, tied to a board; no wondher for 'em to be as stiff as a tongs whin they grows up, since the babies is reared in that way."

Not seeming to heed the white men, the Indians turned into a little cove at a short distance, and stepped ashore. The woman-kind followed, pulling their traineau with difficulty over the roughnesses of the landing-place; while husband and sons looked on tranquilly, and smoked "kinne-kanik" in short stone pipes. The elderly squaw deposited her baby on the snow, and also comforted herself with a whiff; certain vernacular conversation ensued between her and her daughters, apparently about the place of their camp, and the younger ones set to work clearing a patch of ground under some birch-trees. Mrs. Squaw now drew forth a hatchet from her loaded sledge, and chopped down a few saplings, which were fixed firmly in the earth again a few yards off, so as to make an oval inclosure by the help of trees already standing.

"Throth, an' I'll go an' help her," quoth good-natured Andy, whose native gallantry would not permit him to witness a woman's toil without trying to lighten it. "Of all the ould lazy-boots I ever see, ye're the biggest," apostrophizing the silent stoical Indians as he passed where they lounged; "ye've a good right to be ashamed of yerselves, so ye have, for a set of idle spalpeens."

The eldest of the trio removed his pipe for an instant and uttered the two words—"I savage." Andy's rhetoric had been totally incomprehensible.

"Why, thin, ye needn't tell me ye're a savigde: it's as plain as a pikestaff. What'll I do wid this stick, did ye say, ma'am? Oh, surra bit o' me knows a word she's sayin', though it's mighty like the Irish of a Connaught man. I wonder what it is she's thryin' to make; it resimbles the beginnin' of a big basket at present, an' meself standin' in the inside of the bottom. I can't be far asthray if I thrive down the three where there's a gap. I don't see how they're to make a roof, an' this isn't a country where I'd exactly like to do 'about one. Now she's fastenin' down the branches round, stickin' 'em in the earth, an' tyin' 'em together wid

cord. It's the droll cord, never see a rope-walk anyhow."

Certainly not; for it was the tough bast of the Canadian cedar, manufactured in large quantities by the Indian women, twisted into all dimensions of cord, from thin twine to cables many fathom long; used for snares, fishing-nets, and every species of stitching. Mrs. Squaw, like a provident house-keeper, had whole balls of it in her traineau ready for use; also rolls of birch-bark, which, when the skeleton wigwam was quite ship-shape, and well interlaced with cross-bars of supple boughs, she began to wrap round in the fashion of a covering skirt.

Had crinoline been in vogue in the year 1851, Robert would have found a parallel before his eyes, in these birch-bark flounces arranged over a sustaining frame-work, in four successive falls, narrowing in circumference as they neared the top, where a knot of bast tied the arching timbers together. He was interested in the examination of these forest tent-cloths, and found each roll composed of six or seven quadrangular bits of bark, about a yard square apiece, sewed into a strip, and having a lath stitched into each end, after the manner in which we civilized people use rollers for a map. The erection was completed by the casting across several strings of bast, weighted at the ends with stones, which kept all steady.

The male Indians now vouchsafed to take possession of the wigwam. Solemnly stalking up to Andy, the chief of the party offered his pipe to him for a puff.

"Musha thin, thank ye kindly, an' I'm glad to see ye've some notions o' civiltude, though ye do work the wife harder than is decent." But after a single "draw," Andy took the pipe in his fingers and looked curiously into its bowl. "It's the quarest tobacco I ever tasted," he observed: "throth if I don't think it's nothin' but chips o' bark an' dead leaves. Here 'tis back for you, sir; it don't shute my fancy, not bein' an Injin yet, though I donno what I mightn't come to." The pipe was received with the deepest gravity.

No outward sign had testified surprise or any other emotion, at the discovery that white men had settled close to their "sugar-bush," and of course become joint proprietors. The inscrutable sphinx-like calm of these countenances, the strangeness of this savage life, detained Robert most of the afternoon as by a sort of fascination. Andy's wrath at the male indolence was renewed by finding that the squaw and her girls had to cut and carry all the firewood needful; even the child of seven years old worked hard at bringing in logs to the wigwam. He was unaware that the Indian women hold labour to be their special prerogative; that this very squaw despised him for the help he rendered her; and that the observation in her own tongue, which was emphasized by an approving grunt from her husband, was a sarcasm levelled at the inferiority and mean-spiritedness of the white man, as exemplified in Andy's person.

One of the young fellows, who had dived into the forest an hour before, returned with spoil in the shape of a skunk, which the ever-industrious squaw

set about preparing for the evening meal. The fearful odour of the animal appeared unnoticed by the Indians, but was found so hateful by Robert and his Irish squire, that they took French leave immediately.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ON A SWEET SUBJECT.

THIS Indian family was only the precursor of half a dozen others, who also established "camps," preparatory to their great work of tapping the maple-trees. The Wynns found them inoffensive neighbours, and made out a good deal of amusement in watching their ways.

"I'd clear 'em out of that in no time," said Zack Bunting, "if the land were mine. Indians hain't no rights, bein' savages. I guess they darsn't come nigh my farm down the pond—they'd be apt to catch it right slick, I tell you. They tried to pull the wool over my eyes in the beginnin', an' wanted to be tappin' in my bush as usual, but Zack Buntin' warn't the soft-headed goney to give in, I tell you. So they vamosed arter jest seein' my double-barrel, an' they hain't tried it on since. They know'd I warn't no dough-face."

"Well, I mean to let them manufacture as much sugar as they want," said Robert: "there's plenty for both them and me."

"Rights is rights," returned Zack, "as I'd soon show the varmints if they darst come near me. But your Britisher government has sot 'em up altogether, by makin' treaties with 'em, an' givin' 'em money, an' buyin' lands from 'em, instead of kickin' 'em out as an everlastin' nuisance."

"You forget that they originally owned the whole continent, and in common justice should have the means of livelihood given to them now," said Robert. "It is not likely they'll trouble the white man long."

"I see yer makin' troughs for the sap," observed Zack. "What on airth, you ain't never hewin' 'em from basswood?"

"Why not?"

"Cos 'twill leak every single drop. Yer troughs must be white pine or black ash; an' as ye'll want to fix fifty or sixty on 'em at all events, that half-dozen ain't much of a loss."

"Couldn't they be made serviceable anyhow?" asked Robert, unwilling quite to lose the labour of his hands.

"Wal, you might burn the inside to make the grain closer: I've heerd tell on that dodge. If you warn't so far from the 'Corner,' we could fix our sugar together, an' make but one bilin' of it, for you'll want a team, an' you don't know nothin' about maples." Zack's eyes were askance upon Robert. "We might 'most as well go shares—you give the sap, an' I the labour," he added. "I'll jest bring up the potash kettle on the sled a Monday, an' we'll spill the trees. You cut a hundred little spouts like this; an' have you an anger? There now, I guess that's fixed."

But he turned back after a few yards to say—"Since yer hand's in, you 'most might jest as well fix a score troughs for me, in case some o' mine air leaked:" and away he went.

"That old sharper will be sure to have the best

of the bargain," thought Robert. "It's just his knowledge pitted against my inexperience. One satisfaction is, that I am learning every day." And he went on with his troughs and spouts until near sundown, when he and Arthur went to look at the Indian encampment, and see what progress was being made there.

"I can't imagine," said the latter, "why the tree which produces only a watery juice in Europe should produce a diluted syrup in Canada."

"Holt said something of the heat of the March sun setting the sap in motion, and making it sweet. You feel how burning the noon is, these days."

"That's a statement of a fact, but not an explanation," said the cavilling Arthur. "Why should a hot sun put sugar in the sap?"

Robert had no answer, nor has philosophy either.

The Indians had already tapped their trees, and placed underneath each orifice a sort of rough bowl, for catching the precious juice as it trickled along a stick inserted to guide its flow. These bowls, made of the semicircular excrescences on a species of maple, serve various uses in the cooking line, in a squaw's ménage, along with basins and boxes of the universally useful birchen bark. When the sap has been boiled down into syrup, and clarified, it is again transferred to them to crystallize, and becomes solid in their keeping.

An Indian girl was making what is called gum-sugar, near the kettles: cutting moulds of various shapes in the snow, and dropping therein small quantities of the boiling molasses, which cooled rapidly into a tough yellowish substance, which could be drawn out with the fingers like toffy. Arthur much approved of the specimen he tasted; and without doubt the sugar-making was a sweet-meat saturnalia for all the "papooses" in the camp. They sat about on the snow in various attitudes, consuming whole handfuls and cakes of the hot sweet-stuff, with rather more gravity, but quite as much relish, as English children would display if gifted with the run of a confeit-establishment.

"Did you ever see anything like their solemnity, the young monkeys!" said Arthur. "Certainly the risible faculties were left out in the composition of the Indian. I wonder whether they know how to laugh if they tried."

"Do you know," said Robert, "Holt says that Indian mythology has a sort of Prometheus, one Menaboju, who conferred useful arts upon men; amongst others, this art of making maple-sugar; also canoe-building, fishing, and hunting."

"A valuable and original genius," rejoined Arthur; "but I wonder what everybody could have been doing before his advent, without those sources of occupation."

Zack and his team arrived two mornings subsequently.

"Wal, Robert, I hope you've been a clearin' yer sugar-bush, an' choppin' yer firewood, all ready. Last night was sharp frosty, an' the sun's glorious bright to-day—the wind west, too. I hain't seen a better day for a good run o' sap, this season. Jump on the sled, Arthur—there's room by the troughs."

"No, thank you," said the young man, haughtily,

marching on before with his auger. He detested Zack's familiar manner, and could hardly avoid resenting it.

"We're worth some punkins this mornin', I guess," observed Zack, glancing after him. "He'll run his auger down instead of up, out o' pure Britisher pride an' contrariness, if we don't overtake him."

Arthur was just applying the tool to the first tree, when he heard Zack's shout.

"The sunny side! Fix yer spile the sunny side, you goney."

Which term of contempt did not contribute to Arthur's good-humour. He persisted in continuing this bore where he had begun; and one result was that, at the close of the day, the trough underneath did not contain by a third as much as those situate on the south side of the trees.

"It ain't no manner o' use to tap maples less than a foot across. They han't no sugar in 'em," said Zack, among his other practical hints. "The older the tree, the richer the sap. This 'ere sugar-bush is as fine as I'd wish to tap: mostly hard maple, an' the right age. Soft maple don't make nothen but molasses, hardly—them with whitish skin; so you air safe to chop 'em down."

The little hollow spouts drained, and the seventy troughs slowly filled, all that livelong day, in the sunny air; until freezing night came down, and the chilled sap shrank back, waiting for persuasive sunbeams to draw its sweetness forth again. Zack came round with his team next afternoon, emptied all the troughs into one big barrel on his sled, and further emptied the barrel into the huge kettle and pot which were swung over a fire near the shanty, and which he superintended with great devotion for some time.

"I could not have believed that the trees could spare so much juice," observed Robert. "Are they injured by it, Bunting?"

"I ha' known a single maple yield a matter o' fifty gallons, an' that not so big a one neither," was the reply. "An' what's more, they grow the better for the bleedin'. I guess you han't none of this sort o' sugar to hum in England?"

"Not a grain: all cane sugar, imported."

"Wal, you Britishers must be everlastin' rich," was Zack's reply. "An' I reckon you don't never barter, but pays hard cash down? I wish I'd a good store somewhar in your country, Robert: I guess I'd turn a profit!"

THE TURKISH BATH.

"Have you been to the Turkish Bath?"

"No: have you?"

"Have I not? Look here; here is a fresh lot of tickets I took last night—seven for a guinea; that saves the sixpences, you know."

"It's rather dear, is it not?"

"Well, that is as you choose to regard it: if you are chary of time and money, some three hours and three or four shillings is a good deal in exchange for a cleaning; but if you look at the luxury and the resulting benefit, it is cheap enough."

My friend's opinion, thus expressed, coincided with that of fifty others which I had heard at various times; and, as I felt inclined to have an opinion of my own upon the subject, I made up my mind to take the first leisure opportunity that presented itself, and to test in my own person the efficacy of the much vaunted bath.

Accordingly, choosing a fine spring day, and having despatched my business and dined early, with the express object of making time for the bath, I proceed to the establishment which is nearest to my dwelling, and which, as I have no design to advertise its merits, I shall decline to specify. On pushing open the inner door, which stands ajar, I find myself in a kind of lobby, furnished with a bench and stocked with an assortment of slippers of all dimensions. A small placard on the wall requests all bathers to select a pair of these as the first preliminary to the ceremonies they will have to undergo. Having chosen my slippers, I open the second door, which introduces me point-blank to the pay-table, where, on the deposit of three-and-sixpence, I am furnished with a ticket, divested of my boots, and, slipped *à la Turque*, am ushered into the back-parlour, otherwise the unrobing-room. Here the superintendent receives my ticket, and at the same time requests me to deliver up my watch and purse, with any other valuables I have about me, for the safe custody of which he will be responsible. Having received these, he points to one of the many small red-curtained compartments into which the room is divided, and, handing me a wrapper and a sheet, recommends me to undress as soon as possible. While he is giving me directions, one or two figures, rather limply draped in the flowing sheet, enter at the same door which I had passed through, and, by the folding doors, into the front parlour, where I catch a hasty glimpse of others, stretched at full length, in a state of muscular development and in a variety of attitudes, on long red couches, where they are sucking at cigars, sipping hot coffee, or reading periodicals.

Having shut myself in behind the crimson folds of my compartment, I am not long in getting out of my clothes, girding on my wrapper, and donning the sheet. On emerging from my box, I am directed to descend the stairs, at the foot of which a door to the left is partially open for my admission, and I am signalled into what I know well enough to be the back kitchen, but which I am bound to designate the Tepidarium. I poke my head in first, and feel half inclined to reverse my paddles and back out; but I cannot do that, as the door has closed behind me, and I am fairly in for it. In a minute or two I care nothing for the heat, though it startled me at first, and I can hardly imagine it to be so high as 120 degrees of Fahrenheit, though I am assured it is. There are long low benches or dressers in the room, and some seats, and the floor is paved with square parti-coloured tiles—red and white, to look Constantinopolish. There is no lack of company, either of seniors or juniors—though the elders seem to take the business most seriously; some are sitting, some standing or strolling about, and all are now and then seen to regard with significant looks, the operations going on upon one of

the long low benches or dressers. A long, slender, Antinous-looking gentleman, with a very black beard and very white skin, is the subject, while the operator is a specimen which I am not ethnologist enough to identify: at first, in the gloom of partial darkness and misty exhalation, I take him for an African negro, but he is not black enough or woolly enough about the head for that; then I set him down for a Moor, but he has not the Moorish features; then I suppose him to be a Lascar, but Lascars are lazy, and this apparition is only too industrious. At last I ask a stout gentleman, who is sparkling with perspiration at my side, what he makes of him. "Oh," says he, "he is an Oriental!" with which luminous definition I have to be content. Meanwhile, the Oriental is walking into Antinous, as my sage expositor observes, "like *one o'clock*." He lays hold of his legs, and pulls them till the joints snap again; he does the same with his arms; he turns him over, now on this side, now on the other, and kneads him, and rubs him, and tweaks his muscles; he straddles over him, and gets a purchase on his neck and shoulders, and grasps, and rubs, and squeezes them and the arms down to the wrist; then he turns him on his face, and kneads him again down the whole length of his spine, grasps the muscles by handfuls, as though he would crumple them up, and so on for the space of a quarter of an hour or more—all which is called shampooing. Antinous makes no manner of objection to any part of it, but, on being finished off, is beckoned away and disappears somewhere or other in the rear.

I had imagined, from the fact that two or three miles of smart walking will throw me into a perspiration at any time, that very little of the Tepidarium at 120 degrees would do my business, and fit me for the next stage. It was not so, however. I was a full half-hour under that temperature before the moisture came fairly to the surface of my skin, though I had drunk several glasses of cold water to assist the process. At length, being sufficiently seasoned and moist for the grand baking, I made for the door at the right, and entered the front kitchen—I beg pardon, the Calidarium. The room is well lighted from the windows, which are blinded with thick clouded glass, otherwise the extraordinary spectacle it would present to the passers-by in the street might attract more witnesses than would be agreeable to the amateur "bathers." At first entering, I am not so much impressed with the sudden increase of temperature as I ought to be, and in fact I take my seat on one of the stools, without thinking much about it, my attention being attracted by the singular appearance of the apartment, which is buttressed all round with hollow brickwork, forming the air-heating flues, but which put one in mind of the interior of a military fortification. After a minute or so, however, I become perfectly aware of the kind of atmosphere I am breathing. The temperature, according to the thermometer, is 150 degrees—not so hot as it is in some other establishments, and quite cool compared to some referred to by Dr. Thudicum, in a late lecture at Hanover Square Rooms, in which the temperature was described as far above the boiling point of water.

But I find the temperature of 150 degrees quite hot enough for me: the big drops collect upon my face and temples, on my chest and shoulders, on my whole frame; they coalesce and trickle down in streams; and it is my opinion that in the course of a very short sitting I get rid of a full quart through the pores of my skin. Being a novice, I do not know how much I ought to distil for the good of the establishment, and I ask a gentleman who sits near me, but who is by no means so profuse in his libations, whether he intends to remain much longer. "I should not, if I had your perspiration," he says: so, considering that I am sufficiently done, I return "to the place from whence I came." Here, by good fortune, I am not under the necessity of waiting: my executioner, a dapper little Oriental—not the one I have referred to already, but another of the same tribe—takes me in hand at once, and does my business dexterously, rapidly, and gently. I go through all the manipulations which I had seen performed upon Antinous, and find them far more tolerable in the experience than in the anticipation; in fact, if he had given me the ceremony twice over, I should not have dreamed of complaining. I lose a good deal of my outer cuticle under the shampooing process, but not more than I had been led to expect, and already I feel lighter and more airy, both as to mind and muscle.

I have not been five minutes out of the hands of my Oriental—who is already plunging away at another subject—when it is my turn to be washed. So, passing through an outlet in the rear of the Tepidarium, I am inducted into the Lavatory or sluicing-room, which I have a strong suspicion, almost amounting to a conviction, was, before its occupation by the Turks and Orientals, the original coal-hole of the establishment. However, it is a convenient place enough now, and looks quite lively with its red and white tiles. Here I am placed on a washing-stool, and covered all over with a snowy lather of fragrant soap, and washed delightfully clean; then a pailful of warm water is poured over my head, and this is followed by a plentiful shower-bath of cold water from a kind of hose, which sets me gasping for a moment or two, but grows most refreshingly agreeable and welcome as it proceeds. The ablutions being ended, I rub myself dry with a couple of towels, and now, once more enveloping myself in the sheet, stalk up-stairs, to what I suppose must be called the Frigidarium, which, in my case, is the front parlour. Here I take possession of one of the couches, call for a cup of coffee, and, reclining at full length, yield myself up to the delightful sensations of the hour. The pleasures of this cooling process have been much talked of, and nearly every bather seems to differ materially in his account of them. I cannot say that in my case they were such as I had never experienced before, but they were certainly of longer duration than I had yet found them, and perhaps more intense. The principal sensations are those of perfect ease of body, combined with lightness and gaiety of spirit; at the same time, the imagination is active, and the most agreeable myths present themselves to the mind: one's indignation and resentments vanish in the back-ground; you don't want to kick that

fellow Jones who swindled you; you would rather choose to clap him unawares upon the dressing-board, under the hands of your Oriental, and then shift him out of the suds and into elysium, as you have been shifted yourself. I find myself growing cooler and cooler, as I lie with the fresh air playing on the surface of my skin from the open windows. I take up a newspaper, noticing, as I do so, that it cracks like a new biscuit under the influence of the dry air of the place. I sip my coffee, and read listlessly, or rather muse over the print; while Antinous glides from his couch and sits down at the open piano, where he discourses sweet music in extempore modulations; now pattering a shower of silvery chords, now touching a few bars of an old melody, now flying off at a tangent to give expression to some idea floating in his mind. At length, having recovered my normal temperature, and feeling a desire to be up and doing, I rise, return to my little compartment in the next room, dress myself, recover my watch and purse from the attendant, and go forth into the street, feeling capable of any amount of work, and ready to set about it at once. This exhilaration of spirits does not go off suddenly; on the contrary, you are not aware of its subsidence at all, and it is followed by no reaction or counterbalancing depression.

Such is the Turkish Bath, as it is at present administered in many establishments in London, and as it is likely ere long to be administered in many more. The question naturally arises—What are the advantages derivable from it, independent of the pleasurable sensations it affords? And here we are met by a variety of answers. According to some who have vested interests in its extension, the hot air bath is a specific for nearly every disorder which flesh is heir to; while, on the other hand, it has been denounced by its opponents as dangerous, or described as one of those remedial agents which can only be safely used under medical guidance. The fact would seem to be, from such experience as the English people have yet had of its effects, that, for rheumatism, gout, and all affections of a gouty nature, it is almost if not quite a specific; that it is most effective in the cure of catarrh, influenza, and incipient bronchitis; that it affords relief in diseases of the kidneys, and in cases of sluggish liver, and is useful in various other complaints; but that, where the heart is morbidly affected, or the cerebral circulation is at fault, it should never be resorted to, save under medical sanction.

Up to the present moment, the expense of indulging in the Turkish Bath is so great as to debar the mass of the population from the use of it. In other places, however, this objection does not exist. Hot air baths for the working classes, enjoyable at a very small cost, have been opened in Bradford, Yorkshire, and others are in course of preparation in other manufacturing towns. According to Mr. Urquhart, to whom the public are indebted for the introduction of these baths into this country, there is no reason whatever why the hot air bath should be dearer than the hot water bath. It costs more time and fuel to heat water than it does to heat air, and though the process of hot air bathing is the longer of the two, that difficulty might be met by

increased space for the accommodation of the bathers. In erecting baths for their own use, it should be a *sine quâ non* with the people to have due provision made for ventilation: this, if Mr. Urquhart be correct, has been almost totally lost sight of in the London public establishments; and it is to the neglect of this precaution that he attributes the chills and headaches which many persons complain of as supervening upon the use of the bath.

After all, it may be well not to expect too much from the use of the Turkish Bath, however cheap and generally available it may become. We believe we are correct in stating that, however beneficial it may be to our large and dense populations pent up in cities, who get little fresh air and wholesome exercise, and who pass their lives in sedentary occupations, or in occupations not sedentary, in crowded ill-ventilated workshops, until their skin has ceased to perform its natural functions—whatever advantage persons so situated may derive from it, there is still a vast section of the community who need not trouble themselves about it at all. The man who literally "earns his bread by the sweat of his face" has no need of the Turkish Bath; his skin is doing its duty, and cleanses him as effectually as if he were baked in the Caldarium every day of his life: all he has to do is to keep his body clean by frequent ablutions; for he may rest satisfied that the perspiration that springs from hard labour or wholesome exercise is not a whit less beneficial than that which has to be artificially generated in an oven that would cook a steak. Perhaps the perspiring worker may object to this view of his case, that he does not get those delightful sensations after his labour bath which follow the baking and the shampooing. I am not quite sure of that: it may be that, looking to the compensations which go so far to balance the good and evil of man's varied lot, he does get them: at any rate, he gets unbroken rest and calm and refreshing slumbers; and there are thousands of distracted heads and anxious hearts in London, who would think such peaceful slumber a far preferable boon to the brief elysium of the Turkish Bath.

VISIT TO DR. GUTHRIE'S EDINBURGH RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA."

CLOSE by the grand old Castle rock, rich in the story of six centuries—in the steep lane which leads from the residence of the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" into the picturesque High Street, with its wondrous many-gabled houses quaintly ornamented with the fleur-de-lis, thistle, and rose—in a neat plain stone building, Dr. Guthrie has planted his ragged school. Now, though it is true that a benevolent cobbler originated the idea, and that Sheriff Watson of Aberdeen (to whom too much honour can hardly be given) was the leader in this great enterprise, it is Dr. Guthrie who has popularized the "unwholesome" subject, and has thrown such a "glamour" over it, that wherever the magic eloquence of his tongue and pen have reached, his name and that of ragged schools are almost convertible terms. And, indeed, quite apart from the



REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

practical benevolence which established the schools, and the unwearied perseverance which has toiled for their support for fourteen years, it is no small achievement to have thrown such a poetry over dirt and rags as to prevent them from offending the instincts even of the most fastidious.

Within the last eighteen months, the withdrawal of the greater portion of the government grant has placed Dr. Guthrie in the position once more of a mendicant outside his own city; and doubtless the cause of ragged schools in general, as well as of his own in particular, will be greatly aided by his presence on our English platforms.

A few days ago, we had the rare treat of visiting the "Original Ragged School" in company with its gifted founder. The portrait* accompanying this paper is admirable; but neither it nor any other likeness can exhibit the ceaseless play of expression over those strongly-marked features—

the light and shade, the riveted attention, the quick flash of wit, the tearful eyes of his gushing sympathies, or the indignant look with which he hears of oppression and wrong. All these expressions chased each other over his face as he exhibited his ragged schools; and the marvellous power with which he plays upon an audience as upon a familiar instrument, moving the strongest men, almost in the same minute, to laughter and tears, appeared in its happiest form as he discoursed to and of his "rescued bairns."

We first visited the boys' school, where 125 boys are receiving an admirable education. Their dining-hall is large and well ventilated, although it serves at night for a dormitory in which 45 of them sleep in hammocks. It is not the design of this school to remove the children from home; but, unfortunately, the outrageous viciousness of the parents has rendered it necessary to rescue this number of boys from their evil influences altogether. Out of the 289 children in this school,

* From an unpublished photograph, kindly lent for engraving in "The Leisure Hour," by the Rev. T. Alexander, Chelsea.

85 at present sleep in dormitories on the premises, and 42 are "lodged out." In this room they receive porridge and milk, or porridge and molasses, for breakfast, and the same for supper, and bread and very nutritious soup for dinner. The scale of this dietary may seem rather high; but it is probably rendered necessary by the weakly and diseased condition of these children when they are received. We passed from this room into the boys' lavatory, where the arrangements for ablutions are, we imagine, more complete than agreeable; for every in-comer is expected to immerse himself daily in a large trough of cold running water. After this is over, he puts on the school clothing—a plain fustian suit—and ties up his rags in a canvas bag with a number corresponding to his name. "A place for everything" is one of the mottoes of the school; and, leaving the lavatory, we found that a long wide passage with numbered pegs was the place for rags during twelve hours of the twenty-four.*

Dr. Guthrie then conducted us into the boys' school, and a universal whisper and joyous glances from bright eyes were his welcome. The boys were receiving their scripture lesson, and read Joshua, chapter ii, in a way that did them the greatest credit. Their answers to Dr. Guthrie's difficult questions showed that they were taught to think. We next requested a specimen of their mental arithmetic; and in this exercise a part of the true Scottish idiosyncrasy was very apparent. At the very first question, each face brightened into a look that was something better than 'cuteness; every frame quivered with excitement, as that of a war-horse at the sound of the battle trumpet; and in most cases, nearly as soon as the master had finished his problem, ten or twelve hands were held out to show that it had been solved. So rapid was the process, that we suspected the problems were not new to the scholars; but in vain we tried to puzzle them with complicated questions, and were compelled to confess their wonderful proficiency, which we have never seen equalled except in the Free Academy at New York. Their next lesson was in geography; and, no matter how distant or obscure the place which we mentioned, the route to it was instantly and eagerly indicated on the blank map. Dr. Guthrie's face beamed encouragement upon them, and he rewarded their intelligence with, "Well done, my lad!"—"Capital, sir!"—"You'll make your way in the world, sir!" words calculated to stir up the spirit of honest ambition.

There was scarcely a bright happy countenance there, which had not been prematurely marked by sorrow and sin before its entrance; but the scars, in most instances, had been obliterated, and even in those where scrofula or rickets had crippled the frame, the certainty of learning a suitable trade had given a hopeful look to the face. Of the sad histories of those children, none were more piteous than that of a golden-haired boy, with a radiant complexion and laughing blue eyes, who had followed the corpse of his mother to the cemetery in the snowy winter time, and, friendless and homeless,

had laid himself on her grave to die. When he was found, neglect and hunger had nearly done their work, and the small childish hands were frozen to the chilling earth—his mother and ours!

We next visited the industrial department; the box-making, tailoring, and shoemaking rooms.* Their busy occupants were too well drilled to pause in their work at our approach; the active fingers moved all the faster, and the faces wore the true comical look of childish importance. Sixty boys are employed in one room in making cardboard boxes, both plain and ornamental, for manufacturers and shopkeepers. This is a lucrative trade, and the demand always exceeds the supply. In another room ten shoemakers ply their trade, and under efficient teaching make and mend all the shoes worn by the scholars. The next room was the tailoring establishment; and, though the "master tailor" was absent, the needles were flying through the fustian with most praiseworthy rapidity. In this department sixteen boys make and mend all the jackets, vests, and trowsers of the school. Tailors they were surely born to be, from their very look and conformation, and very blithely they accept their destiny. Roguish enough they all looked, and proud of their performances. A rosy boy, with monstrous brown eyes, showed us the fit of a jacket, with the complacency of Stultz or Nicoll. This room was enlivened by a budding geranium and a vociferous canary. In connection with the boys' school there is an agricultural farm school near Edinburgh, where forty boys are learning the theory and practice of farming.

The girls' school was scarcely so interesting, though equally admirable; for, with the timidity which one would regret to see abandoned, they were disconcerted at our inroad, and answered Dr. Guthrie's questions *sotto voce*. Their writing was very good, and also their needlework. These girls are trained from a very early age to perform the domestic work of the establishment, under the supervision of a matron, whose sunny face and cheery voice must sweeten all toil. They make and mend all their own clothes and the shirts of the boys, and knit all the worsted stockings. They wash and iron all the linen, and scrub the floors and help the cook; and in short, as Dr. Guthrie says, "are trained up to be thrifty wives for working men." In the girls' school it was easy to distinguish the latest comers out of the seventy-eight pupils. One child, about nine years old, at once attracted our attention, from the absence of most of the characteristics of the human face. Her head was enormous behind, and covered with a shock of hair not yet reduced to order; she had hardly any

* The industrial division of the Ramsay Lane School is at present as follows:—

Boys' Department	Boxmaking . . .	60
	Tailoring . . .	16
	Shoemaking . . .	10
	Bracemaking . . .	4
	Paper-bag making . . .	35 (smaller boys)
Girls' Department	Sewing . . .	78
	Knitting . . .	40
	Washing, etc. . .	60
	Cooking . . .	4 (at a time)
	Infants' Department. Sewing . . .	15
	Knitting . . .	12

* Their day is divided thus:—Meals, play, and walking, 3½ hours; lessons, 3¼ hours; work, 4½ hours.

forehead, but a large nose, and a chin receding like that of an animal, and faded lustreless eyes gleamed feebly and furtively from under her hair. She was deformed in person and mind. Her imperfect articulation was most perfect in blasphemy, and her fingers were quick only in pilfering. Kindness had not yet extirpated the craven terror which cruelty had wrought, and the unhappy being visibly trembled at every look and word addressed to herself. Her history was a common one. She was the child of guilt, one of that mighty multitude perishing in our cities for lack of knowledge, and passing from under God's sun and sky into the gloom and branding disgrace of our prisons.

Our time only permitted a brief visit to the infant school, which is not the least interesting of the three. Its eighty-six inmates are rescued before their polluted homes have steeped them in guilt, and nearly all the faces were as pure and bright as those of happy peasant children, who chase butterflies and weave garlands of buttercups and daisies in our breezy English fields. These little creatures were in perfect order, and their very competent and loving teacher has already drawn out their intelligence, and instilled into their memories many of those blessed words which are able to make them wise unto salvation. Their questions as well as answers, and their hearty appreciation of two mirthful songs which they sung and acted, were thoroughly enjoyable. The junior teacher in this school was herself formerly a ragged pupil. We were informed that one of the most serious complaints made by the parents against the system of discipline is regarding the morning ablutions, which they consider little better than deliberate torture. The girls are obliged to walk down a passage six feet long, the roof of which showers torrents of water upon them; but the "barbarity" of this is mitigated by the tepid temperature of the flood. In addition to the various industrial occupations, a number of the boys are learning music, and have been formed into a band; and the said band, playing spirit-stirring airs, precedes the school in its perambulations of the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh.

Our readers will doubtless not be satisfied merely with the knowledge that these children, up to the age of fourteen, are admirably taught, paternally cared for, and well washed, clothed, and fed, but will proceed to inquire what the results of this industrial training have been. The name of these is legion, and a few only must suffice. If we take the practical mode so common among statisticians, and calculate the £ s. d. results, and suppose that, out of the 500 children who have been sent forth into society as respectable men and women by these schools, two-thirds had become criminals, they would have cost the country, on an average, £300 each. The difference between the total of this sum and the expense of turning them into respectable citizens is £72,000. The cost of children fed and educated at the ragged school is £4 a year for each; the cost of children sent to prison is £12 a year each. The difference of course represents the gain to the country. The probability of the greater portion of the inmates of this school growing up into hardened

criminals is shown by this tabular view of their wretched condition:—

Found homeless, and provided with lodgings	72
Children with both parents dead	32
With the father dead	140
Mother dead	80
Deserted by parents	43
With one or both parents transported	9
Fatherless, with drunken mothers	77
Motherless, with drunken fathers	68
With both parents worthless	84
Who have been beggars	271
Who have been in the police-office	75
Who have been in prison	20
Known as children of thieves	78
Believed to be so	143

This way of estimating results may be questioned; but the Lord Provost and Bailies of Edinburgh furnish us with a tangible test of success in the statistics of juvenile crime. The school was opened in 1847, in the summer, and of course could not tell upon the returns of that year. The number of prisoners between fourteen and sixteen years of age was, in

1848	552	1851	227
1849	440	1852	139
1850	361	1853	130

The centesimal proportion of children under 14 years of age in prison, was in

1847	5.6	18519
1848	3.7	1852	1.7
1849	2.9	1853	1.2

But, leaving the dreary wastes of calculations of profit and loss, and tabular statements and reports of worthy city authorities, we turn to livelier facts. When Dr. Guthrie began his scheme, he dived into the very depths of juvenile crime and rognery, and brought up facts sad indeed, but lighted by a grim humour. He attempted to teach on a Sunday evening, in a room where many of these street Arabs were assembled; and the horde of ragamuffins whooped, whistled, yelled, and sang, till better sport presented itself. The teacher, according to a very reverent practice, more common in Scotland formerly than now, closed his eyes when he knelt down to pray, as also did Mr. Guthrie. The last, however, opened them in a few minutes on a crowd of grinning faces, red with efforts to suppress their laughter, while two ragged urchins stood each holding a lighted candle under the teacher's nose, which on that winter night looked remarkably blue and cold. Little wretches were discovered, who not only had learned from competent teachers the most approved art of picking pockets, and the best methods of dodging the policemen and magistrates, but held mock trials and rehearsed executions. Dr. G. once found a ragged urchin suspended by a rope thrown over the door lintel of an old house. The noose was placed under his arms, and he hung his head, mimicked the dying spasms, drew up his legs in affected convulsions, and kicked in a style that made the young barbarians round him dance in savage glee, greeting each kick with roars of laughter. Edinburgh was the paradise of juvenile beggars, who in hundreds used to rise every morning, like a cloud of mosquitoes, from the Cowgate and Grassmarket, and infest the broad pavements of the New Town, earning a precarious subsistence for their worthless parents by their lies, 'cuteness, and pertinacity.

The means which we have described in our visit to the schools have sent 500 children, who were born in this apparently hopeless abyss of beggary and crime, forth into the world to fight life's battle with manly honest weapons, and they are fighting it well and nobly, many in their native land, and many more far away among Australian flocks, in Canadian forests, on the boundless prairies of the Far West, or bold in defence of freedom by land or sea. Not long ago, a supper was given in the boys' school-room to all the adults educated in the Ragged School, who were at the time residing in Edinburgh, and 150 men and women joyfully responded to the invitation, and spent the evening in harmless hilarity, all well-dressed, bright-faced, healthy, self-reliant, self-supporting, honestly earning wages ranging from the four shillings a week of the apprentice youth, to the forty shillings of the skilled workman, shopman, or clerk. Well might Dr. Guthrie's eyes fill with tears of joy as he looked on those who once prowled the streets as outcasts and beggars, who are now giving him an abundant reaping time of joy for the long and dreary sowing time of tears. In those streets, once infested with juvenile beggars, not one now is to be seen, and the childish vagrants who used to sleep like houseless dogs at the feet of filthy stairs, unless the police provided them with prison lodging, have disappeared—Dr. Guthrie can best tell how and why. Ragged schools are doubtless the best palliative for many of the social maladies which require a radical cure; and in view of what they have effected, we trust that the eloquent "pleas" of Dr. Guthrie will not be heard in vain. When the government allows £18 or £20 a year for every child who is brought out of prison to school, it seems singular at first sight that it should have diminished its allowance for those who have not been branded with the prison mark, from fifty shillings a year to five shillings, or half a farthing a day, if any means can be devised of preserving such grants from abuse. Be this as it may, we are convinced that the christianity and philanthropy of this country will not suffer ragged schools to perish.

There are hundreds and thousands of children in this country born to a heritage of woe and crime, unless some hand like Dr. Guthrie's rescues them from their cheerless, loveless homes. If any can be found who doubt the necessity of sustaining ragged schools, let them go down—as Jesus went—among the lost, the foul, unkempt, polluted denizens of our hideous city dens, and learn how those fathers and mothers bring up their children. Infancy is there seen unwelcome and unblest—sharp with hunger, and deformed by brutal usage and neglected disease—joyless, homeless, guilty. The blighted, ruined, childish lives there silently cry to that God whose blessed sunlight penetrates these filthy alleys only with a wan, blanched ray, "No man careth for our souls;" till the voice of Christ is heard above the terrible sounds of infant blasphemy, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Is there a Christian who can see those sights and hear that voice, and yet suffer those little ones to perish? "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

JOURNEY FROM THE SNOWY RIVER DIGGINGS TO NELIGAN.

COMMUNICATED BY A DIGGER.

"NELIGAN," I fancy hearing some one say; "what part of the world is that in?" Neligan is on the Clyde—not the river of that name in Scotland—but in New South Wales. If you wish to know the river's geographical position, open a good map of Australia, and you will be able to trace its course from its rise in the Australian Alps until it falls into the South Pacific Ocean, about 125 miles south of Sydney. The Clyde is navigable at any tide up to Neligan, for vessels not drawing more than nine feet of water. For many years the southern part of New South Wales, consisting of the Braidwood, Monero, and Murrumbidgee districts, suffered great inconvenience from the long and tedious inland transit of goods. All supplies of tea, sugar, hardware, clothing, etc.—in fact, all the necessities that civilized man requires—had to be brought up the country on drays. At last, a company, consisting of a few influential men, made it so clear to the public that, if a road were made from Braidwood down to a navigable part of the Clyde, which could have steam communication with Sydney, a great benefit would be derived. At first it was thought almost impracticable to make a road over the numerous mountains near the coast, but science, which conquers most difficulties, overcame this one also: a clever engineer wound his way round and over many creeks and steep mountains, and well merited the thanks of the Southern districts. Government came forward with a liberality unusual; and for £1200 a road was cut over the Sugar Loaf mountain.

The cause of our seeing this part of our lovely colony was that, after two months' successful digging on the famed Snowy River—during which we saved a considerable sum—wet and cold weather at the end of March compelled us to leave. Parties that we got acquainted with told us of the beautiful scenery from Queenbryan to the Clyde. On leaving the Snowy River, we took the track leading to Russell's Station, on what is now called New Providence. It consists of a few scattered huts, tents, public, and stores, sly grog-tents preponderating. On this track, many a homeward-bound digger was relieved of all his hard-earned savings. Shortly before we left, a party of three mounted diggers was "stuck up" in the middle of the day; unfortunately for themselves, they had not much money, or they might have been better treated. The bush-rangers were so wild at the disappointment, that, after taking horses, blankets, and everything they could, they tied the diggers up to trees, and gave them a dreadful beating for coming away from such rich diggings without plenty of money. We had taken the precaution of sending our gold per escort to Sydney; however, we were never interfered with. This track from New Providence is the only way by which drays can go to Kiandra, and then only at certain seasons. During winter it was impracticable for either drays or pack-horses. A famine was apprehended at Kiandra; and although there was abundance of supplies at New Providence, how

to transport them puzzled many. A novel way at length struck one of the store-keepers. Hundreds of Chinese, who were unemployed in consequence of the gold claims being flooded, gladly hired themselves for £2 per week, to bring in each day from ninety to one hundred pounds weight of goods, packed in convenient parcels. A house was put up half way—about six miles—for the Chinese to stop at. From this they went each morning to New Providence, got their loading, and, dividing it carefully, so as to swing easily from their bamboos, off they trudged, carrying the load with apparent ease. Having delivered their loads at Kiandra, they returned to their half-way house, to renew the journey on the following day. The novelty of "The Celestial Transit Company," as it was called, caused great amusement, and also enriched the spirited founder, as he well deserved.

We met with no adventures worth relating on our way to Queenbryan, except stopping at the Rock Flat to taste its natural soda water. The spring bubbles out of a rock in the centre of a little plain; all around the rock the ground is cut up by the numbers of cattle that come to lick. We had a little brandy, and with the soda water it made a most refreshing drink. Strange stories about this spring are often told by some of the "old hands"—those men "who left their country for their country's good;" such as how no one could bring a bottle or keg of the water to Sydney, for, although often tried, it burst all kinds of vessels; also that some of the governors offered a free pardon to any prisoner who could succeed in bringing down to Sydney a corked bottle full.

At Queenbryan we rested for a few hours. When we passed through it before, such was our excitement from the "gold fever," that then we scarcely gave a look at the town; besides, we were engaged in buying supplies for our journey. The bridge across the Queenbryan River is a very good specimen of colonial engineering. Three neatly-built churches—one being the Established, and the others the Roman Catholic and Wesleyan—speak well for the neighbourhood; many larger inland towns not having a regular place of worship, but have occasional service in the court-house, where, perhaps, the day after, a case of murder may be tried. This town has also a branch bank and a weekly newspaper. In the colony, the size of a town may chiefly be judged by the number of public-houses it contains.

After resting awhile, and inquiring about the road, we started off for Braidwood, passing by the head of Lake George. It is a very remarkable fact that all the trees for miles around the upper part of this lake are dead; no one can account for the change; the old inhabitants found them so. If their decay was caused by excessive moisture, the lake must have been at one time an immense sheet of water. The blacks have a tradition that long ago great numbers of opossums, of a much larger species than are now found, ate all the leaves off the trees, and so caused the change.

On our road to Braidwood we passed Arnprior, where there is a fine lode of copper ore, which was once worked on a small scale; but an accident

happened in blasting, by which a man was killed, and no one could be got to work it afterwards. When rail or tramways run through the interior, many of the mines which are now useless will be turned to good account. Eight miles from Braidwood we crossed the Shoalhaven River; this is another of the many gold-bearing rivers, and at one time no less than 500 Chinese were working the alluvial drift in some of its old channels. Braidwood is one of the most stirring of the small inland towns, being surrounded by several rich diggings. All this district derives benefit from the Clyde Road, for in four days goods from Sydney can be brought to Braidwood, which, before the road was made, took as many weeks.

After leaving Braidwood, our route, for a considerable way, followed the Little and the Munday Rivers. Wild ducks, teal, and fish, were so abundant, that in fact we lived upon them for a week. It is very extraordinary that the rivers and creeks running east are full of eels, but have no fresh-water cod; whereas those running west abound in cod, perch, and bream, but have no eels. If salmon and trout can be introduced into Australia, the Snowy, Clyde, Shoalhaven, and many other rivers running east are well adapted for them.

Our friends spoke truly of the scenery; even what we saw would give an artist subjects for a long life. The ascent was so gradual, that, but for the magnificent view before us, we hardly knew that we were on the top of the famed Sugar Loaf. In the distance was the boundless Pacific, with a succession of thickly-wooded hills between us and it; also the five islands off Illawarra, so justly called the Eden of Australia. I have been to many of the most noted parts of England, Germany, and Switzerland, but never yet saw a place that struck me as so beautifully wild and grand. The road down the mountain is winding, with sharp turns to ease the descent. One of these turns is called "Gipsy Jack's Downfall," where a team of five horses were killed by the dray capsizing over the precipice. It is five miles from the top to the bottom of the mountain, and numerous beautiful rills of crystal water come leaping down its side; these are overshadowed by graceful tree ferns, the stems from ten to twenty feet high, and the leaves arching from the top, which give them the appearance of gigantic umbrellas. I measured one of these leaves, and found it to be twelve feet in length. Musk trees are also abundant: the scent from them is almost oppressive, even the leaves, when dried, retaining the odour for months. That a mile nearer the sea should cause such a difference of climate is truly wonderful. Now we have tropical vegetation—cabbage trees, palms, fern trees, zamias, (a species of the sago plant,) with their bright scarlet pine-apple-shaped fruit; these are called buddawongs, or black fellows' potatoes; they are very good when roasted, but I believe poisonous when eaten raw. We shot several of the lyre birds, the tails of which are very pretty: they are mocking birds; I have frequently heard them imitate the human voice, and could hardly credit but that it was a man calling his horses, "Cup, cup, cup on;" this they have learned from

hearing the carriers in the morning calling their horses to give them corn.

We arrived at Neligan too late for the steamer, and so had to wait two days. Here we disposed of our horses, tent, and few cooking utensils, to a party who were about starting for the Snowy River. As we came down so slowly, our horses were in as good condition as when we started. As we had two days to spare, we formed our camp about one mile and a half from the landing, at the nearest fresh water, to pass away the time; one fished for eels, another looked for ducks, and I amused myself by catching mullet with an artificial fly. My rod was rather a rude one, being a light sapling; but such success as I had would cheer the heart of many an old piscator. The fish ran from one quarter to about one pound weight, and were very good eating.

We could have remained here for weeks on such good fare—fried fish, fried eels, oysters got off the rocks, wild ducks and pigeons—all obtained by the trouble of catching or shooting. When we were obliged to leave this lonely spot, we took several couples of ducks to our friends in Sydney. Unfortunately it was night when we steamed down the river, and that most horrid of all maladies, seasickness, confined me below in my berth, and I could not get on deck until we were between the Sydney Heads. The steamer called at Woolongong for passengers and cargo, this place supplying Sydney in a great measure with butter, eggs, and poultry. When between the Sydney Heads, we had a good view of the place where the "Dunbar," a large Liverpool ship, was wrecked, and every soul but one man perished. The day after the wreck, he was seen on the rocks below the light-house. The only way to get to him was by a person descending on a rope swung over the cliff. Quite a boy volunteered to go down, and at great risk got to the man; he was pulled up, and then it was ascertained how the sad accident happened. The captain, it appears, mistook the entrance, and actually sailed right on to the rocks—another instance of the folly of captains wishing to make a quick passage and get a name. Many fine ships, and hundreds of passengers, have been lost through that one cause. Had the "Dunbar" stood off until daylight, the accident would not have happened. A considerable sum was collected by the inhabitants of Sydney, both for the boy who so courageously descended, and for the poor survivor.

The harbour of Sydney is said to rival the Bay of Naples; and many say that Sydney deserves to be called the first and most lovely harbour in the world. I will leave this point for more able judges to decide; but I must say that it looked most beautiful as we glided up, passing the several bays, islands, and fine suburban houses of the merchant princes which dot the hills surrounding Rose and Double Bay. Once more safely back in Sydney, kind friends were ready to meet us. We landed humming the well-known air of "Home, sweet home," very thankful for being in the best of health, and our pockets much heavier with the "precious metal" than when we started to try our fortunes on the Snowy River.

THE GORILLA AT HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

IN No. 370 of this journal, an account was given of the largest and most savage of the monkey tribe, the Gorilla; the remarks then made were founded on a specimen which had arrived in England in a cask of spirits. We now have fresh and important news as regards the actual habits of this animal, when at home in his native forests. On Monday, February 25th, Sir Roderick Murchison presided over a very crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at Burlington House, to hear a paper read by one of the most adventurous travellers of modern times, Mr. Du-Chaillu, of New York. This gentleman has spent four years of his life in examining and collecting the animals, birds, etc., inhabiting a part of the world hitherto but little if at all known to Europeans. The district of the vast continent of Africa which is situated two degrees north and two degrees south of the equator, has been this gentleman's hunting-ground. No ordinary hunting-ground is this; it abounds with dangers to the unacclimated European. Fever here holds its court, seizes upon strangers, and subjects them to its power. Mr. Du-Chaillu had no less than fifty attacks of fever during his stay in these regions, yet he has survived them, and comes home to tell us strange stories.

The inhabitants of this country, moreover, are the most debased and barbarous of the human race; search the world over, and you will find nothing lower. Fierce, savage, given to human sacrifices and to cannibalism, (especially north of the equator,) they regard the white man, not as mortal, but as a sort of "spirit." It is here, in these fearful regions, that Gorilla has for many centuries held his sway, undisturbed and unnoticed, and, until the last few years, almost unheard of. Mr. Du-Chaillu stated that it was his greatest ambition to meet face to face, and to fight hand to hand, a battle with this "lord and master of the forest, before whom all beasts flee." His ambition was amply gratified. He had shot no less than twenty-two gorillas; and, lest any one should doubt him, he has brought home the skeletons and skins of twenty-two gorillas; and several of these specimens were exhibited at the Society's meeting. He shall never forget, he said, his first meeting with this dread monarch of the woods, which the natives call "Ngina" or "Nguyha." It was in the gloom of a tropical forest, dark at night. The monster came on to the attack, roaring tremendously, beating his breast with his hands, and showing his formidable teeth. At first introduction, most strangers are more or less nervous. Mr. Du-Chaillu felt particularly so on this occasion: he said to himself, "Now, Mr. Du-Chaillu, if you wish ever to see your friends again in New York, you must take a good aim." He fired at six yards, and obtained his first victory over Gorilla. Shortly afterwards, a sad and fatal accident happened to one of his men. A gorilla attacked him. When Du-Chaillu came up, the man was dead; his ribs were fractured, and the flesh over them so lacerated as to expose the internal parts, the gun-stock broken, the barrels bent. No won-

der that the poor natives regard the gorilla with fear and reverence, and make a fetish or sacred object of him. In fact, the first intimation we ever had of its existence was a skull which was brought over, which was found stuck on the top of a pole and worshipped as a sort of idol. On its arrival in England, the specimen bore indications of the sacred marks, in broad red stripes crossed by a white stripe of some pigment which could be washed off.

Mr. Du-Chaillu the next day sought out and killed this man-slaying gorilla, and he now had his skeleton in a box. He was a fearful fellow, and a fine specimen. The height was great for a gorilla; the example at the Society's room was five feet seven inches high. He had known them six feet, and the power and strength of limb was gigantic and fearful to contemplate.

Mr. Du-Chaillu describes the voice of the gorilla as being terrific and appalling. It has three notes: the note of defiance and the sound of attack, a sound which may be imitated by Blub, Blub, Blub, Burr, Burr, Burr," crescendo and diminuendo; secondly, the roar, somewhat between the roar of the lion and the bark of a large dog; thirdly, the note of distress. When Mr. Du-Chaillu heard this, he knew he was safe. Gorilla, too, has another curious habit; when angry, he beats his huge brawny chest with his hands, producing a sound which, as well as the roar, can be heard for long distances. The chest of one of the specimens exhibited was bare of hair from this cause. This breast-beating adds much to the formidable appearance of Gorilla when making a charge. Gorilla has enormous strength, and Mr. Du-Chaillu has seen trees five inches in diameter snapped across by his powerful arms. When Gorilla retires to rest, Mrs. Gorilla goes up into a tree, the husband remaining at the bottom. Their teeth and fangs are very powerful, and are used in cracking the hard nuts which grow in the forest. Gorilla is at all times excessively savage, and cannot be tamed even when young; he has had young ones, but they were exceedingly fierce and wild. The chimpanzee has a yellow coloured baby: the baby gorilla is always black, and remains black all the days of his life.

Mr. Du-Chaillu also mentioned another huge monkey which he had discovered, that actually built a house for himself up among the branches of a tree. This creature was in the habit of making for himself a shelter of leaves and boughs, of an umbrella shape, and which was renewed every ten or fifteen days. This was no matter of hearsay; he had caused the trees in which the shelters were built to be cut down, and had examined them at his leisure. The native name of this monkey was "Nschiego Mbawne."

Mr. Du-Chaillu met with many curious people in his travels. North of the equator he discovered a race of cannibals, and he showed some of their weapons, particularly a small but fearful-looking instrument, which was thrown at the head of the intended victim. The only scruple these savages had, was that they would not eat one of their own blood relations. Mr. Du-Chaillu did

not stay long with these worthies, as he thought they might be inclined to try how a white man tasted. South of the equator he fell in with a tribe who insisted on his becoming their king, and he was obliged to accept the office. His palace was only eight feet by six, and four feet high. Nevertheless, he was made a veritable king, and he showed his crown—a curve-shaped piece of iron, which was apparently worn over the right shoulder. It contained a fetish, or charm, and also a bell which sounded like a sheep-bell, which the king had to ring when the subjects were too noisy, and he wished to command silence.

He mentioned, as a curious fact, that there were no lions or elands in these districts, and that the inhabitants had never heard of the name or religion of Mahomet; and these facts Sir Roderick Murchison considered as most important in a geographical point of view, for it would fairly lead to the supposition that there was a vast and impenetrable range of mountains running across the centre of the African continent, which was impassable for man, otherwise Mahomet and his tenets would have been heard of in some way or other. There is thus, I may here observe, some connection between Mahomet and the traditional mountain, after all.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Professor Owen paid a high compliment to this most adventurous and remarkable traveller. Natural history, he said, had never received a more acceptable addition to its stores than Mr. Du-Chaillu's life-like description of the terrific powers and singular capabilities of the "lord of the forest." Hitherto, we had received, so to speak, only the "raw materials" of Gorilla, and from its structure we were led to conclude its habits, etc.; but now, for the first time, we heard from an eye-witness most important facts relative to the living animal itself. For many centuries since the time of old Hanno, strange and mysterious stories had been floating about relative to the existence of a huge monkey; but the facts were so few, and the evidence so scanty, that Cuvier did not admit them, and culminated his brute kingdom in the chimpanzee and the orang of Borneo and Africa. We had a plenitude of evidence of the existence upon the face of our earth of this mysterious tailless anthropoid gorilla; and now, its habits are for the first time made known to us. Professor Owen then compared the skeleton framework of the gorilla with that of man, and showed that the great character of our species is the ball of the great toe; for all the rest of the frame is made in relation to this, and therefore to man's upright position.

In the gorilla we found the same bones, but singularly modified; the thigh bones, instead of being slight, were broad, flattened, and covered with ridges, for the insertion of powerful muscles; the character of the vertebrae of the ribs, (thirteen in number, not twelve, as in man,) those massive bars of bone which protect a capacious and vast chest; the arm bones, the blade bones, the projecting spines of the neck bones; all indicate huge strength, and resemble the proportions of a giant cut down in stature. The head, again, was re-

markable; it presented a ridge like the keel of a bird's breast-bone, for the attachment of powerful muscles which worked a pair of jaws armed with teeth as formidable as those of the lion or tiger; the skull of Gorilla, in actual weight, was twice as heavy as any known human skull, and yet this solid bony case contained a brain equal only to the weight of that of a human infant six months old. The thumb of the foot in Gorilla is enormously developed, so that the organ serves for prehension rather than support; the veritable thumb of the hand was cut down to its smallest proportions, and indeed could hardly be called a thumb at all. If we compare all this with the slender framework of man, we shall see that the gorilla is a simple brute, endowed with gigantic strength; but what is man's compensation for this strength? It is in the country of Gorilla that we find the very lowest of the human kind; yet even these human beings at once show their superiority over the brute, by their inventive faculties; they have not the huge physical strength, but they have a human brain, and this, even undeveloped as it is, leads them to invent and manufacture implements of wood and iron, which serve as weapons of offence and defence, and minister to the daily wants of life.

DUNGEONS OF "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

In proximity to the wild scenery of the Black Forest stands the modern, elegant, and brilliant town of Baden-Baden. I have no intention of inflicting a description of the *kur-saal*, the promenades, the conversations *haus*, the hotels, the gaming-tables, and the scamps—these two last being the bane of all the German watering-places. But I ask the reader to accompany me across the little river Oos, and to climb the steep streets of the town that lead towards the pine forests. Baden, I believe, has always had *in* it or *over* it the castellated abode of the lords of the duchy; and their earliest residence, the *Alte Schloss*, as it is called, built in some long past period of what are called "the good old times," is now a picturesque ruin, thanks to the destroying hand of the French soldiers, who in the wars of the Palatinate spread devastation all over the plain of the Rhine. Some two miles above the town, it is a good climb; and if on a warm day you are not tempted to sit down on a bank of moss, inhaling at your leisure the perfume peculiar to a pine forest, and listening to the music which the breezes make among the slender boughs, you have not as keen an appreciation of Nature's charms as I have.

If I were writing an account of Baden, I would try to give you some idea of the magnificent panorama that spreads itself before the gaze from these ruins; but I only mention them at all to introduce you to the "*Neue Schloss*," the castle which was built on the destruction of the old one, and which is much lower down the hill, and indeed barely outside the town. It is, comparatively speaking, a modern erection, having been built, if I remember rightly, somewhere about the year 1689; and externally there is but little to excite attention. It is a solemn, heavy-looking building, and its smooth

face, and the apparent absence of means of defence, detract from its castellated appearance, and give it an air of innocence which in reality it has no business to wear! at least such were our first thoughts; but a little closer inspection showed us that it was not so devoid of battlements and other warlike appliances as we had thought. All the rooms are freely shown to visitors, in the absence of the duke and his retinue, and we saw in them much fine furniture and a goodly array of portraits of former lords of the duchy. We saw, too, the room in which the assemblage of crowned heads met no great while ago for the Baden-Baden conferences, when Savoy and Nice were quietly handed over to Louis Napoleon and France.

This was all well enough, yet not quite what I wanted, for I knew that other and more soul-stirring scenes had been enacted within these walls in "the good old times;" and, turning to our guide, I said, "But are you not going to show us the dungeons?" "Oh yes, we should see the dungeons;" and, taking us out at the front door, he led the way to a tower which adjoins, and indeed forms one corner of the building. Originally there was no entrance to this tower from the outside, and the door through which we passed had been made in later years. If tradition is to be believed, the unhappy prisoners who were destined to the dungeons below were brought into the main building blindfolded, placed in a chair, and drawn to the top of the building up one side of a narrow shaft (which still exists) communicating with the dungeons, and then lowered down the other side. After some little descent from the door whereby we of modern days approach these dungeons, a room is reached where the guide lights lanterns and candles; and then daylight is left behind. Dark were the deeds enacted within those cells, hewn out of the solid rock far beneath the surface of the earth; and as we stood in that which is said to have been the torture chamber, and looked upon the iron rings still fixed in the wall, it was fearful to think that many a frame of manly strength, ay, and doubtless of womanly beauty too, had been torn and tortured within the few square feet of that little cell. Heaven's sunlight never entered there. Scarcely can we believe that they were human beings who could have listened to the screams of agony with which those grim stone walls must have resounded, and yet have steadily continued the torture their devilish engines and unearthly cruelty enabled them to inflict. Standing there in the dim flickering light of the lanterns, which just served to make the gloom more gloomy, our guide slowly and laboriously shut the massive stone door—a slab some twelve inches thick and weighing from 1500 to 2000 pounds. Slowly it yielded to his pressure, groaning on its now unused hinges; and never shall I forget the thrill of horror which seized me as, with a sound betwixt a sigh and a groan, it went "home," and only needed the iron bars outside to be adjusted to set at defiance all attempts at escape. Never have I had so vivid a realization of utter despair as, with that sound in my ears, and that sight before me, I thought of the poor prisoner listening to the echo of the retreating footsteps of those who had shut

him in, and of the frenzy that must have seized him at the awful silence around, and the consciousness that he was utterly beyond human help.

But this is not all. Of the seven or eight dungeons, the largest was the hall of judgment; and the remains of the stone benches, on which those who called themselves judges sat, and the subterranean passage by which they entered, still exist, although the latter is choked up. It is most unlikely that any of the unhappy creatures who had been immured in these dungeons, and had been there tortured, were ever permitted to see the sun again, or to tell their tale of horror to mothers and fathers, husbands and wives. But be this as it may, when judges and gaolers had done their pleasure upon all that was mortal of their victims, they sent their souls to the great account in a method strangely cruel—a method worthy of a Spanish Inquisition in the darkest days of Rome's tyranny. The doom of the condemned one was concealed from him, and after being informed that he was to be set at liberty, he was bidden to kiss an image of the Virgin in a corner of the dungeon, and thank her for his deliverance. But before he reached the image, he crossed a trap-door, which, giving way beneath him, precipitated him down another shaft. The fatal pit with its trap-door was called an "oubliette," because those who were precipitated down it were "oubliés"—never heard of more. What was contained in the darkness of that abyss remained unknown until more modern days. A pet dog once fell down, and an attempt was made to ascertain what had become of him. An investigation showed that the pit was many yards deep; and the explorers found there "fragments of ponderous wheels set round with rusty knives, with portions of bones, rags, and torn garments adhering to them." Tradition says that the unhappy prisoner fell upon a machine composed of many wheels, armed with lancets and teeth, and previously set in motion.

Come; let us leave these gloomy chasms, all so silent now, yet haunted with terrible and heart-rending memories. Remembering that nine out of ten of the castles of the middle ages in our land, as well as on the continent, had machinery and dungeons as dreadful as these, although we have but few, if any, in as good a state of preservation, my heart swells with gratitude to the great Overruler of all things, who has cast my lot in this the afternoon of the nineteenth century. I am thankful that he has freed me and my country from the dominion of a religion only too glad to fill such dungeons, and only too ready to use rack, cord, knife, or poison; and that he has given me an open Bible and put me in the possession of a religious and civil liberty greater than that of which our ancestors ever ventured to dream. Reader, thank God with me that we were not born in what we so often and so heedlessly call "the good old times!"

FRIENDS' FIRST DAY SCHOOLS.—In a recent number (No. 479) an account was quoted from Mr. White's "All Round the Wrekin," of a visit to the late Joseph Sturge's schools. In order to prevent misunderstanding, it may be as well to say that no approval was signified of the practice of giving secular instruction on the Lord's day.

VARIETIES.

DRUSES AND MARONITES.—The massacres that had taken place in Damascus and other cities in Syria were owing not to religious differences, but to a desire of plunder. But the quarrels between the Druses and the Maronites had a very different origin. There had been feuds between them for a long series of years. But why did those feuds break out into massacres last year? Because a Maronite bishop called upon his congregation to attack the Druses. "Spare not man, woman, or child; exterminate the whole race," was the cry raised by that bishop. The French Government refused to allow the insertion of the bishop's proclamation in the French papers. The proclamation was perfectly genuine. When he visited the Lebanon twenty-two years ago, that magnificent slope was covered by the most peaceable, contented, and happy population that he ever saw. Every square inch was a garden. But now there was nothing but ruin in the Lebanon—burnt houses, destroyed villages, a population scarcely existing, or if so, in a famished state. The Druses were a brave nation, but the Maronites were cowardly and bloodthirsty. The Druses refused to receive any aid from the funds raised for the relief of the distressed in the Lebanon. They would sooner live on acorns than receive charitable doles, and their conduct was a noble contrast to that of the Maronites.—*Mr. Layard.*

"JOHN" OF WESTMINSTER, THE ACTING DEPUTY FOR "BIG BEN."—Mr. Thomas Walsby writes: "At length the great clock at the Houses of Parliament strikes the hour upon the largest of the four chime bells, or 'John,' which is nearly as heavy as the great bell at St. Paul's Cathedral; the quarters being indicated as usual. Permit me to add that, having on certain occasions ascended Sir Charles Barry's Golden Tower, I am enabled to assert that the bell chamber is very lofty, spacious, open at the sides, and altogether far better adapted for the passage of sound than any other in the metropolis. Hence the chimes may be heard at a considerable distance."

TASSIE GEMS.—The splendid and unique art-collection of the late William Tassie, formerly of Leicester Square, and of Kensington, (described in "The Leisure Hour," No. 461,) has been bequeathed to the National Gallery of Scotland. The bequest comprised the original glass casts of the valuable collection of gems made by the late James Tassie, and added to by the testator—one of each in intaglio glass and in raised white enamel; also the original glass moulds of all his Egyptian, Greek, and Roman coins and medals, as well as his casts of modern medals; together with thirty-six original casts of portraits, including those of the Jameses of Scotland and Queen Mary; a painting of the Countess de Grey; also twenty-four studies from the best paintings in the galleries of Amsterdam and Antwerp.

VEGETABLE IVORY.—The seeds of a tree called *Phytelphas macrocarpus* are what is known by the name of vegetable ivory. The word *Phytelphas* is a compound of the Greek word *Phyton*, a plant, and *Elephas*. *Elephantusia* is the name given to the same genus by other botanists. It belongs to the natural order *Pandaneaceæ* or Screw Pines; sub-order *Cyclanthææ*, all of which are natives of the Tropics.

GARIBALDI.—A very striking full-length portrait of the illustrious general, by Mr. T. Jones Barker, is being engraved. Friends of Garibaldi pronounce the likeness admirable, and the view of the rocky isle of Caprera is highly picturesque.

THREE things make a good minister—meditation, prayer, and trial.—*Luther.*

THE Scriptures are "wonderful" with respect to the matter they contain, the manner they are written, and the effects they produce.—*Bishop Horne.*

SORROW for sin is to last as long as there is any sin to sorrow for.—*Matthew Henry.*

A good conscience without a good name is better than a good name without a good conscience.—*Matthew Henry.*

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